

## PAID HIM TO FEED HUNGRY BUMS—BUT NOT IN CASH

By Fred L. Boalt.

Seattle, Wash., Oct. 1.—Three days' growth of beard was on my face. My clothes were old and ragged. My collar was soiled.

I turned into Chauncey Wright's restaurant, 110 Occidental avenue, Seattle, Wash. I had been told that this man Wright never turns a hungry man away. I wanted to know if



Chauncey Wright.

it was true. And, if true, I wanted to know why.

Seeing a big, jovial-looking man in shirtsleeves, I took a chance on his being the proprietor.

"Mr. Wright?"

He nodded, his shrewd, humorous, kindly eyes taking stock of me.

"I am hungry, and I have no money," I said.

Wright snapped his fingers and a waiter came.

"Give this man what he wants," said the proprietor.

The waiter handed me the bill of fare.

"Can I order whatever I like?" I asked.

"Sure," said the waiter, grinning.

I called for ham and eggs. When I had eaten I introduced myself to Chauncey Wright.

"Why did you give me a meal?" I asked. "I might have been a professional beggar, a bum, for all you knew."

"Even bums get hungry," said Chauncey Wright.

"They tell me at the office that you never refuse a meal to a hungry man, and that you feed scores of penniless men and women every day."

"Never in my life have I turned down a hungry man," said Wright, "or a hungry woman either."

"But," I objected, "it isn't good business. You can't afford to feed all the down-and-outs."

"Can't I?" he laughed. "Come with me."

He showed me through the busy, crowded restaurant, where he "feeds 3,000 faces a day." He shoved me into a handsome touring car and whirled me up hill and into a little side street, to a big white house. In the doorway, Mrs. Chauncey Wright, a handsome woman, greeted us.

He showed me through the luxuriously comfortable rooms,